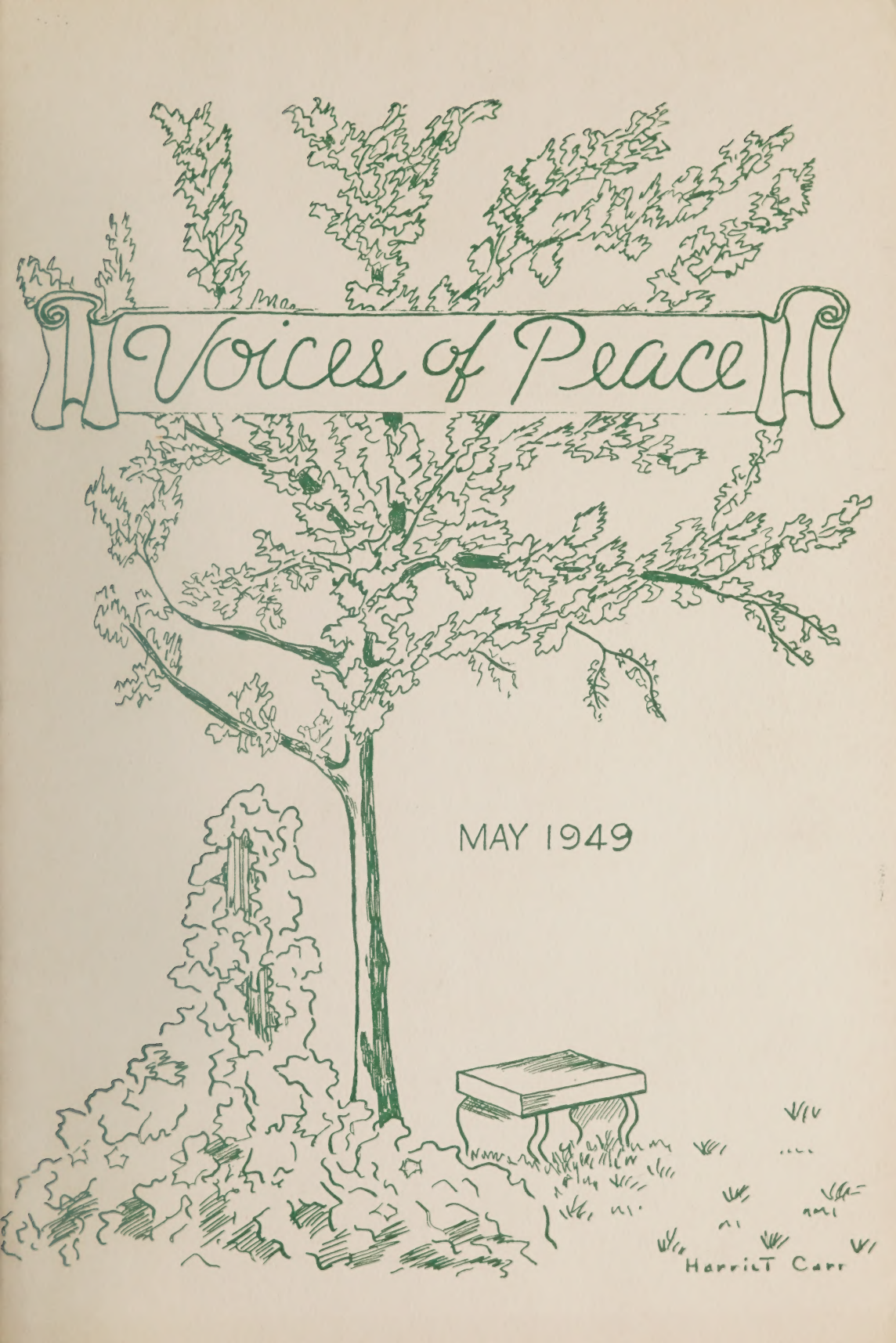
Voices of Peace
MAY 1949
Harriet Carr

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VOICES *of* PEACE

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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Contents

		PAGE
April Showers	Jane Dickie	1
To May Day	Barbara Barnes	2
A Spring Day	Mary Frances Toadvine	2
Spring	June Tomlinson	2
I'll Be Lost Without You	Bunnie Ricks	3-5
Leisure Time	Carolyn Stevens	5
A City's Summer	Mary Frances Toadvine	6
Happiness	Jean Leonard	7
Pleasure in the Past	Ellen Steele	8
Of My Works	Suzanne Alford	9
Nightmare	Jo Phillips	10-13
Invasion	Catherine Brown	13
Footsteps in the Night	Jo West	14-17
Snowfall	Suzanne Alford	17
The House Upon the Seashore	Jeanne Moye	18
Six Hours of School + Three Hours Homework = Blindness	Bunnie Ricks	19
Lullaby	Jean Leonard	19-20
To a Pansy	Alice Pridgen	20
Two Lost Loves	Pattie Trower	21
Comfort	Jane Bond	22

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April Showers

Why does April seem so sad
And shed its tears each day?
Why does the wind weep and wail?
Why are the skies so gray?

Why not be like pretty May
When skies are baby blue?
When flowers curtesy to the trees,
When tears are only dew?

"I cry," said April, "for the days
Which have gone on before.
The windy days, the golden days
Will come to me no more."

JANE DICKIE

To May Day

Aurora has her matin said
And Philomel has kissed the stars good night.
Sweet Iris dips her hand in paints
And draws her sign across the sky.
See Mercury races to wake the buds,
Blithe Echo following fast behind.
Apollo whips the horse that draws
His golden coach in circling orb;
Euphrosyne and May rush out
. . . To greet the dawn.

BARBARA BARNES

A Spring Day

I wandered down a winding road
That stretched o'er hill and vale.
The birds in the trees sang happily.
The wind blew a merry gale.

The daffodils swayed in the breeze.
The leaves were budding on the trees.
Everywhere the sun shone bright.
The world had waked from a sleepy night.

A babbling brook through a meadow ran;
Clear and cool and lined with sand.
It flowed on through a darkened wood,
And came out clear and sweet and good.

Yes, everywhere the world was gay,
For all around 'twas a bright spring day.

MARY FRANCES TOADVINE

Spring

The spring makes me feel so gay
As if my griefs were washed away
And in their place comes happiness—
Happiness and blessed rest.
I wish it were spring all the year.
God is so near.

JUNE TOMLINSON

I'll Be Lost Without You

Jane refused to open her eyes, and with a wriggling motion she burrowed deeper into the bed, attempting to go back to sleep. She had been looking forward to this day with eagerness. All her life she had waited for this day to come; but now that the long awaited day had come it frightened her. She didn't want to get out of bed; she wished she could just lie there and not think of anything.

Last night she had had a nightmare. All of the dream had seemed so real, and when she awoke, she was on the floor. Her mother was standing over her, and in the dimness of the morning she could see her standing there asking what had happened. Jane only crawled back into bed and fell asleep.

Now that it was morning she realized that today she was leaving for college. She didn't want to go; she was afraid of all the new experiences awaiting her.

Looking around her room, everything seemed strange, as though nothing belonged to her any more. The souvenirs hanging on the wall didn't seem the same. The crepe paper which was draped over her door, souvenir of the prom, was now ragged and faded. The organdy curtains, on which all her newspaper clippings and magazine pictures were pinned, looked frayed and drooping. The pictures of her high school friends, stuck all over her mirror, seemed to be laughing at her.

Her table-desk with its faded chintz looked unfamiliar, too; when she tried to see herself bent over it, she couldn't even imagine that she had ever sat there doing Latin or chemistry or just dreaming.

Her room, her sanctuary, was no longer hers. It had said good-bye to her before she was ready to leave. Tears of self-pity rolled down her cheeks and fell on the sheets.

Presently the door opened, and her mother came in.

"Time to get up, honey. It's seven o'clock, and the train leaves at eight-thirty."

"I don't want to go," Jane muttered. "I want to stay."

"Come on, now." Her mother's voice roughened. "You've been wanting to go to college all your life, and now the time has come. Get up and make it quick." She turned away from her daughter's face, trying to hold back the tears. Then she left the room, and went downstairs to fix breakfast.

Jane got up and began dressing. She dressed quickly. In the bathroom as she washed, she gazed at her face in the mirror. She wondered if she would be as smart in college as she had been in high school. Finally she was ready.

Standing in the middle of her room, she took one last look about her. How different the room looked. Her eyes misted then brightened a little as she wondered what her room at college would look like. She glanced in the mirror at herself. She saw a strange girl wearing a new blue suit, new gray pumps, and with a gray coat hanging over her arm. In one hand she held a small pocketbook and a hat box; in the other hand was a hat of colored feathers and a pair of blue gloves. She wondered how the other girls would dress; she wondered if she looked like a college girl.

When she started down the stairs, she glanced back at her room once more. She realized that all of the old familiar things were dear to her when she must leave them. No matter how bright the future was, her past seemed to reach out with warm arms to hold her back.

Their kitchen had always smelled good to her, but this morning the odor was nauseating. She sat down at the table; before her was her favorite breakfast, waffles with syrup and hot coffee. She smiled at her mother, who had fixed this last breakfast at home just for her. It would be a long time before she would taste her mother's good cooking, but she couldn't swallow a thing. The excitement, together with the sadness of leaving for college, was just too much.

Her father and brother appeared at the kitchen door, ready to take her to the train station. Jane realized then that she had to go.

"Mother!" she cried. She reached out to her mother with tear-brimmed eyes. Her mother held Jane tightly, trying to soothe her.

"Be a good girl, Jane," she choked out. "Don't lose your money or your ticket. Write us just as soon as you can. Good-bye, honey. Be a good girl."

She stepped back and pushed Jane out the back door. The backyard was still damp with the morning mist. As Jane walked through the grass, she left behind small footprints. As she glanced back at them, she thought of the day when the footprints would be headed the other way. She thrust these thoughts down deep in her heart; she realized that she was acting like a baby. As Jane stumbled across the lawn, Bruno, her brother's bird dog, came out of his coop.

"Good-bye, Bruno," she whispered.

When they arrived at the train station, Jane again fought to keep back the tears. Here to this train station her father used to bring her and her brother, so that they could see the big engines.

They had to wait five minutes for the train. Her father bought her several magazines to look at on the train. In the souvenir case over by the window, there was a little lapel spoon, which Jane had wanted

ever since she could remember her father's bringing them to the station. When her brother bought the little pin and pinned it on her coat lapel, she couldn't hold the tears any longer.

In that moment Jane forgot all the quarrels she had had with her brother. All the times they had fussed over who was going to get the car, or whose turn it was to wash Bruno, and even the time he had caused her to break her arm by pushing her from her bicycle; all these things were forgotten now.

"Oh, Bud, I'm going to miss you so," she cried. "I'll be lost without you."

"Oh, no you won't. You will forget I ever lived," he teased.

Lost in thought on the speeding train, Jane's eyes filled with tears as she remembered telling her father and her brother good-bye at the station. Her brother had promised to invite her down to his college dances that year. He had also said that his roommate liked the picture of her that he had on his desk.

With all these thoughts in mind and with the thoughts of the new adventures that lay ahead of her, Jane dried her tears. Maybe it wasn't going to be so bad after all; her dreams grew brighter and bigger. The thought of the ivy-grown college buildings, and the boy whom she had never met but who, she hoped, waited for her beneath the ivy.

To Jane, now, it seemed that the train was going very slow—wasn't she ever going to get there—to college!

BUNNIE RICKS

Leisure Time

To live and breathe is so absurd,
It seems to me today,
For there is much for me to do
And no time in which to play.

I hate so much to do the work,
That's always there to do,
But when it's done I feel so free
For then I'm there wtih you.

For you are all I have in life,
And all that I would ask
To have much more would be excess
And possibly a task.

CAROLYN STEVENS

A City's Summer

The night was dark,
The stars were bright,
The world was gay
On that summer's night.

The man-in-the-moon,
Looking down through space,
Had a comical grin
Upon his face.

He was watching the merry
Old world at play,
In the refreshing cool breeze
At the close of day.

Here was a boy,
Getting ready for a date,
Combing his hair,
And making his tie straight.

And here was a girl,
With her new dress on
Wondering where
Her pearls had gone.

A man in undershirt
Sat cool upon his porch
Bobbing his head
With the rocking-chair's lurch.

While in the kitchen, hard at work,
His wife labored long;
She did not shirk;
Nor play a game of loo.

Yes, there was a breeze;
It wasn't too hot;
But how could I sleep
When the world would not?

MARY FRANCES TOADVINE

Happiness

Early in the morning
As I awoke at dawn,
I heard the robins singing,
And playing on the lawn.

They danced around the bird-bath
And flew to tops of trees.
They spread their wings of feathers
And took off with the breeze.

I sat at my window and waited.
I scanned the sky so blue.
But only in vain did I search for
The happiness they knew.

JEAN LEONARD

Pleasures in the Past

It was Saturday, April 2, 1949, that I was rather unsuccessfully trying to concentrate upon a subject that was at the moment not too appealing. The sun shone temptingly through the window and with the draped position I had assumed brought a sense of drowsiness. It was not at all surprising that my grip upon my book loosened and Coca-Cola, crackers, plus everything in general lost their importance as I slipped into a semi-conscious state.

My visions drifted far into the past of the Anglo-Saxons and I found myself among strangely but colorfully dressed people. They were light-hearted and possessed a sense of personal-liberty I had not deemed possible to those of so long ago. It was not hard to catch their spirit and I too soon began to wander lazily around the village. Quite by chance in my meanderings, I happened upon one whom I would call a minstrel. My curiosity was, by this time, thoroughly awakened and my interest high; I joined the happy throng. Immediately I noted that the cause of the excitement was the singing of a strangely familiar old epic, *Beowulf*. However, through the lips of the minstrel it assumed a new light and very shortly Beowulf began to live to me as he did to the Anglo-Saxons, and I felt the same sensation surge through me that brought such delight to them.

An undercurrent of merriment permeated the stillness as the minstrel told of how King Hrothgar had so generously built the mead hall, Heorot, and of the exuberance of the warriors as they met there. Then his voice thundered with terror as he recalled the coming of the monster, Grendel, and all of his wicked man-eating deeds. But that was not the end—he told, to the glorious amazement of the peasants, of the gallant Beowulf and how he fought the terrible one bare-handed, and freed the land. He continued with the story of how Beowulf had fought in the deep with Grendel's mother, and won. His conclusion was the story of how Beowulf had fought the dragon in his old age and how he lost his own life in order to free his people.

I was quite amused as I noted how *Beowulf* thrilled the people, and observed in my dignified educated ignorance that it was nothing out of the ordinary. Probably many epics of greater brilliance than this one would be or had been written; besides, they seemingly had heard it before. The fact that it thrilled the Anglo-Saxons again and again was, of course, beyond my comprehension.

In my musings I observed that *Beowulf* had the general characteristics of an epic. It was simply the story of a national hero, written in the form of a narrative poem. Not entirely occupied by the gaiety of the moment, I had noticed the peculiar inverted order of its sen-

tences. The compound words combined with the continuous descriptions sounded very strange to me. Also I was amused and greatly interested by their utter worship of Beowulf himself. Another thing I could not help noting was the great amount of alliteration in the poem which had no particular rhyme at the ends of the lines. Its meter consisted of four accented syllables and any number of unaccented syllables. Usually there was a break between the first two and last two accented syllables.

No longer particularly interested in the literary facts of the case, I turned my attention back to the peasants and eagerly proceeded to take complete advantage of my peculiar situation to discover everything about them that was possible to discover. At precisely this time I was startled by the piercing sound of a bell. This indeed was interesting, but just as I was about to seek diligently the origin of such a modern sound, I realized that my mother was answering the telephone. Very greatly annoyed by the audacity of the innocent caller and the impudence of the bell that had so abruptly disturbed my reveries, I savagely destroyed the remains of a cracker and assured myself of its death by drowning it with Coca-Cola. Fully awake by that time, I stretched and began anew to pore over my books and wonder where I could possibly scare up enough words for a theme on (of all subjects), *Beowulf*.

Ellen Steele

Of My Works

One of the greatest lessons youth must learn,
Is to distinguish genius from talent fair.
When inspiration seems to burn
Pride is a trap and conceit a lair.

For few of us in this modern time,
Can hope to touch the masters of old,
In note, with brush, in prose, in rhyme,
Few themes are left for us to unfold.
And even though a mighty plan,
Come to my humble mind and pen,
I'm sure my verses could never stand
The tests of time and my countrymen.

I do not possess elegant speech
Nor words that a heart could wield;
No lesson can my poems teach.
I cannot create; I can only feel.

Suzanne Alford

Nightmare

She folded the program carefully for preservation in her scrapbook. It was hard to believe that she, Jo Hunt, was in Madison Square Garden. The great arena was crowded and the band was playing.

When Jo had stopped playing with dolls, her father had given her a lovely black mare which she had called "Nightmare." The horse had disappeared, and every effort to find her had resulted in the failure to trace her. Jo's hope was in the show.

One of the judges who had visited her brother Bill had said that all the great performers would be exhibited in Madison Square Garden. Jo believed that she would see Nightmare there.

After Bill had sold Nightmare, he had found out from Hannah, the maid, how Jo felt about the horse, and he was very sorry. He had wanted to buy the horse back, but she couldn't be found. So Jo had mourned for her for nearly two years.

Every year Bill went North with his horses, but he had never suggested taking Jo. That October, Bill, for reasons of his own, had decided to take Jo along with him. Although she had been very excited, she showed no emotion.

The first hour of the show overwhelmed her. Even Nightmare dropped out of her thoughts as she watched the superb performance of the finely-trained horses.

After two days the splendor had faded. For two days she had studied the horses and the entry lists, but the search for Nightmare had been in vain. She gave up hope and wanted to go home.

It was the evening of the third day, and she was at the show again, dressed in her riding clothes, because she was going to ride. Her brother was at the other end of the Garden waiting to show in a class of park hacks. There was nothing in the group of horses that looked like Nightmare, so Jo began to look at the people around her. She noticed that in the box just below her there were some young men and women who seemed to be having a wonderful time. She wished that she were up there with them—or anywhere but where she was.

Glancing at the program, she noticed that the next presentation would show some hunters that might be expected to make some good jumps.

"I think I'll go down on the floor," she said to the maid, who had accompanied her from the home of Aunt Julia Hackney in Washington Square. "I am tired of sitting still."

Jo would like to have stayed at the hotel with Bill, but Bill preferred that she stay with her aunt. Bill had brought Jo up, and he felt responsible for her in more ways than one. He was sure that she

was going to be a good horsewoman, but at times he was afraid that the training he had given her in other respects was not sufficient for a young lady.

Jo admitted to herself that some of the men in the show rode pretty well, but not so well as some of the men rode at home. The hunters were a large class, and after eight or ten horses had been shown, a striking-looking black mare came out of the line and began to plunge toward the first jump. Her rider forced the mare to the bars and she minced reluctantly forward. Just before she reached the bars, the man struck her a sharp, keen blow with the whip.

From the time of the black mare's initial appearance Jo's heart had begun to beat very fast. She gasped, "I'm sure that is Nightmare!" And she clapped her hands over her mouth and looked around to see whether anyone might have heard.

The man was bringing the mare back toward the jump. Again he used his whip. Jo shouted, "You musn't hit her! Steady, Nightmare!"

The black mare's ears pricked up at the sound of the voice. The man put down his whip and loosened the reins. The mare jumped, but at the next jump the rider tightened the reins again, and the mare refused to jump. The judges ordered the horse to be put out of the showing.

As Jo and the maid made their way through the crowd, Jo saw Mr. Gardner. Mr. Gardner was an old friends of Bill's.

"Hello, Jo!" he exclaimed. "When did you come up? You certainly have grown," he laughed.

"I came up with Bill," she replied.

"You should have let me know," he said. "Where is your seat?"

"I have some friends here that you can sit with and the maid can go back to her seat," suggested Mr. Gardner. "The name is M. R. Bryant."

"Are they old?" asked Jo.

"No, about middle-age," he answered.

He told the maid to go back to her seat, and then led Jo up the steps.

"Hello!" she heard someone call to Gardner, as he stepped ahead of her; the next minute Jo realized that she was in the box that she had been watching.

Mr. Gardner introduced her to everyone. And then she saw him, the same man who had ridden Nightmare.

The rider and Jo recognized each other at the same instant, and

the other occupants of the box recognized Jo to be the girl who had called to the young man.

After introductions had been made, Jo turned excitedly to the young man, whose name was Jack Lamb, and began asking a series of questions that rather startled everyone present.

"What happened? Why did you use the whip? Don't you know that horse? Is she yours? How many times have you ridden—Oh!"

Jo noticed the astonished young man staring at her blankly and so calmed her excitement enough to explain that she had recognized the horse to be the one that she had owned and trained two years ago.

Jack relaxed into cordiality and explained that he had had little experience with the horse himself, for he had left her training in the hands of a hired trainer—who apparently had never understood the animal nor been able to bring out the best of her high spiritedness. He asked Jo to come around to his stables at any time and ride the horse.

After a while Jo left to go back to her seat. As she was going downstairs the Negro groom, frightened and forlorn, met her and told her that the horse that she was to ride had gone lame. Jo went down to the stables to have a look at the horse. She was, however, thinking more of getting to see Nightmare than of the lame horse.

Finally she found Nightmare, who recognized her, too, neighing and nuzzling her face and neck. As she stood there a thought came to her.

Offering no explanations, she asked the stable boy to get her saddle for Nightmare—she was going to ride her in the next race since Mr. Lamb had decided not to. The stable boy was new and he thought that it would be all right.

The people in Mrs. Bryant's box were getting ready to leave when Jo came into view, sitting proud and eager, anxious to please both herself and the horse. They couldn't believe their eyes! There was nothing that could be done, now that Jo had started.

Jo took the first jump with ease. The whole crowd was breathless as she came around the ring. When Jo and the mare came up to the finishing line, there was no question as to who the winner was.

After the show Jo and Bill accepted an invitation to supper with Mrs. Bryant and her friends. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. About twelve o'clock Mr. Andrew got up and said that he thought it was time to make a toast. He began to talk, but his words were meaningless to Jo. The words "Jack's mare" came as a blow to her. She had forgotten that Nightmare still belonged to Jack;

and now that Nightmare had won the five-foot class, Bill probably couldn't afford to buy her back.

Jack saw the look on Jo's face; and quickly added, "You mean Jo's horse."

Jo couldn't believe her ears.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Your brother has bought Nightmare," replied Jack as he kicked Bill's foot under the table.

"Are you serious? Is it true, Bill?" asked Jo.

Bill just smiled and said, "Yes, she is yours again, Jo."

Jo was so happy that she couldn't sit still. As she looked around at everybody, her face was aglow.

"You'll have to excuse me," she said, "but I am so happy."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked at Bill, and even some of the old matrons began to take out their handkerchiefs.

Jo Phillips

Invasion

The skies were bright and blue
On that clear December day.
Old Glory, from her gold staff flew,
Overlooking the ships in the bay.

Suddenly, Old Glory became
Aware of a distant roar.
Into her vision scores of steel birds came.
Such an invasion she had never seen before.

In one broad swoop the grey birds made
A blazing circle o'er the island's stance.
With their lives our brothers paid
For the lessening of our country's vigilance.

But Old Glory would not be beaten.
Though tattered and torn,
Her staff was not weakened.
To obtain revenge, that day was sworn.

Today, she waves, so glorified,
Winner of the challenge she was made,
And her debt, to those died
At Pearl Harbor, has now been paid.

Catherine Brown

Footsteps in the Night

The night was dark, without a sign of either moon or stars, and the mist which rose from the river made it impossible to distinguish even the dark shapes of the familiar houses along the street.

Polly Hendricks lay in her bed tense, quiet, and listening. The incident which had alarmed the entire neighborhood caused her to be aware of every sound in the pitch-black night, because she and her widowed mother were alone in the huge old house at the top of Main Street.

For two days the village had been nervous and full of anxiety because a dangerous criminal had escaped from the prison camp in the next county and was known to be in the vicinity of this small country village of Tulls. Just last night the criminal had attempted to break into a house at the edge of the village where an old man lived all alone. The prowler had been frightened away by an approaching car before he was able to cut the screen from the door and thus attempt to get inside. No one knew where the escaped criminal would go next in his search for food, clothes with which to disguise himself, and some type of arms. Neither did anyone know to what ends he would go to gain these things.

Every drop of dew from the roof caused Polly to start with fear, and finally she crept quietly from her bed and crouched down by the open window, vainly trying to see out into the blackness of the night. She sat there for a long while, motionless, listening for any unusual sound. Only the familiar night sounds of the village could be heard—the croaking of the frogs in the nearby marsh; the occasional mournful howl of a hound dog far away; and the twittering of a sleepy bird who had been awakened by a falling acorn.

As the hall clock struck two, she decided that it was foolish to sit cramped in the damp night air any longer and she determined to go to bed. She slowly stretched her cramped arms; and as she painfully straightened up from her crouched position, she heard it—a slow careful step that squished a little on the moist earth, then another, and another until the steps had gone past her window and on around to the front of the house.

Quickly and silently Polly ran to her mother's room which was in the right wing of the house and which had windows on three sides. Polly found her mother, too, awake and listening. Neither said a word but both knew the danger that was near. As the windows on the front of the room were directly over the porch, Polly stood flat against the wall by the window that was open. She heard the footsteps again —slow, soft, deliberate. These steps were on the porch! Polly

crammed her fist hard against her mouth to keep from crying out and tears of stark fear rolled down her cheeks.

"Polly, what is it?" demanded her mother in a whisper.

"Oh, Mother! Someone is on our front porch and is trying to get in the screen door. I can hear him," she whispered tearfully in answer.

"Polly, we must be brave and think of some way to get help. We must not do anything to frighten this intruder away—he must be caught. This village will not be safe until he is back in a cell, and we two women are not going to let him get away again!" Mrs. Hendricks spoke with such courage and determination that Polly dried her nervous tears and resolved to be brave and level-headed.

Evidently the prowler found that it was useless to try to get in the heavy screen door at the front and the slow careful steps walked off the porch and went squish, pause, squish, around the wing of Mrs. Hendrick's room to the back of the house.

Polly and her mother knew that a scream for help would only cause the prowler to run away and escape. It would mean more miserable, sleepless nights for the whole village. But what could they do—just a middle-aged woman and a young girl alone in the house?

The heavy storm in the afternoon had blown tree limbs across the telephone and electric light wires so that the village was without benefit of telephone or light. The power men had been unable to reach the village and repair the wires before nightfall and the job was too dangerous to be done on such a night as this.

Polly knew that some way she must go for help. She hated to leave her mother alone, but one could go for aid much easier than two. Polly thought hard for several minutes, then said, "I will go downstairs quietly, Mother, and try to go out the front way and run to Mr. Thompson's for help. You stay here, I'll be back soon with someone. Don't fail to scream if the convict succeeds in finding a way in."

Polly pulled on her old robe with trembling hands and went quietly down the steps. The foot of the steps was near the front door and her path was clear. She stopped at the door to listen carefully before unlocking it and venturing out into the darkness. She heard the soft scraping noise of someone sawing at the screen of the back door. With the screen cut it would be easy enough to unhook that door, but the heavy bolt on the solid inner door would keep the man busy until Polly could get help. That tiny scratching made icy fingers of fear clutch at her spine and Polly almost lost courage. She prayed a silent prayer and carefully turned the key in the front door. The click of

the key seemed like a bullet shot to Polly and the scratching noise stopped. Polly stiffened and waited. Soon the noise began again and Polly opened the heavy door without a sound and carefully, slowly, step by step made her way from the porch to the walk and then to the street where she broke into a run. She was gasping for breath and stifling sobs when she reached the house of Mr. Thompson, the sheriff, who lived just a little way down the street.

Mr. Thompson, who had been awake and tense, was at the front door by the time Polly reached the porch.

"Child, what on earth is wrong Why have you run out into such a night as this?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm so frightened, sir. That man is trying to get in our back door! I slipped out of the house and ran to you for help. Mother did not want to scare him off because she knew he might never be caught. Please do something quickly, Mr. Thompson," gasped Polly as she struggled to control her sobs.

"Wake Jim and hand me my pistol, Nora," said Mr. Thompson to his wife, who hovered behind him. "Polly, do as I say if you have the courage. Go back home to your mother. This convict probably suspects that you are awake. Go to a window and say that you hear no one outside—loud enough for him to hear. He will not try to get away until he thinks you are back in bed and that will give us time to block his escape."

Polly listened carefully to his instructions then quickly made her way home, fully expecting at any moment to run into the criminal. She managed to get back into the house without making a sound. How relieved she was to hear the scraping noise of metal on the wood of the back door. Her mother was sitting straight up in bed with terror in her face. When she realized that it was Polly, safe at home again, tears of relief flowed from her eyes.

Polly quickly told her mother the sheriff's plan, and going to the back window she noisily raised it and stood there silent for a few minutes before saying loud enough to be heard outside, "There is no one outside, Mother. You are just imagining things. Go on back to sleep; it was probably just a stray dog on the porch."

Polly did not move from her position, but was still and quiet, listening for the sound of scraping to begin again. After several minutes of tense waiting, she heard the footsteps again. This time they were neither so quiet nor so sure as before. They were swifter and careless of the squeaking boards which betrayed every step. There was a thud as the prowler jumped from the porch to the ground, not taking the time to go down the steps, and ran away into the night.

He did not run far before the shout of "Got him!" was cried by Mr. Thompson. The prowler had run straight into the path of Mr. Thompson and his son, Jim, who were armed and waiting in the back yard for just such an incident to happen.

The plan had worked; the escaped criminal was captured; and the village was safe once more—but what a terrifying night for Polly and her mother!

Jo West

Snowfall

The snow is falling and so fall I,
On the surface of black obsidian.
I look up to the storm-clad sky
Whence comes this white oblivion.

The flakes go whirling, twirling by.
They know not where they go.
They are newly born, but their death is nigh.
Am I not like the snow?

If they have fortune, they will light
On the earth's surface hard and cold.
Against this earth they must fight
To gain on life their meager hold.

What of those who succeed,
And cover all with a blanket of white?
They are only crushed by the feet of greed,
And by cruelty forced into flight.

There are those who find no rest,
But billow and blow in an endless theme.
They can only say, "I've done my best,"
And vanish as a forgotten dream.

Oh snow, your very soul is pure,
When to this earth you come.
Oh life, what is your mad allure,
That you make us leave our home?

Soon the flakes are pure no longer.
They are vile, despised by men,
But the urge to live grows ever stronger
And the snow will fall again.

Suzanne Alford

The House Upon the Seashore

There was a house just out of town,
Where lived a family three.
They were not rich as the other folks,
But happy as could be.

The house by the seashore stood,
In sweet simplicity.
It braved the sea, the storm, the wind,
And protected its family.

And then one day the sky, it darkened.
The child played in the yard.
"Oh Mother, come and watch the sea
Upon the rocks beat hard."

The sea was angry; the storm approached;
It beat upon the shore.
The wind, it blew and howled and cried,
For death knocked at a door.

Night passed, then morning did appear,
But up upon the shore,
One could not see the little house;
'Twas drowned; it is no more.

JEANNE MOYE

Six Hours of School + Three Hours of Homework = Blindness

As I sit here awaiting a thought for my theme I think of all the hints the teacher gave, none of which I find interesting enough to write on.

The words keep drumming in my mind—themes due tomorrow! Oh, why can't I be a genius (or brain, as we call them)?

Let me see now. She mentioned something about bringing the five senses into our themes. Five senses? Oh, yes—see, hear, smell, taste, and feel.

Well, right now all I can see are school books piled high around me, waiting for me to pick them up and go exploring through their dull pages. Someone had written *Open All Night* on one of my books. Truer words were never spoken (written I should say).

As far as hearing goes, I hear everything! The crickets chirping outside my window, my desk creaking as I move my arm, the radio blasting out with the news, and my sister asking mother's advice on a return letter. Maybe the reason I can't concentrate is that there is too much noise.

The smell of a recently cooked dinner enters my nostrils—mixed with the smell of radiator heat!

I taste nothing except an occasional pencil point or eraser stuck in my mouth.

I feel; ah yes, I feel! My pencil is pushing harder into my poor tired third finger. I feel the aching of my feet in my new shoes, which at the moment seem much too small for me. I feel my eyelids closing down over my aching eyes. My uncombed hair is hanging down my neck. Oh, there are so many things I feel.

Right now I feel this is not a passing composition, but my senses are exhausted.

I am blind as a bat—goodnight.

Bunnie Ricks

Lullaby

Sleep, my little one,
Mother is nearby.
The moon is aglow
High in the sky.

Father is working
By the light of the moon.
Close your wee eyes
For the Sandman comes soon.

Sleep, my little one,
Mother is nearby.
Ride in your dreamboat
Through moonlit sky.

What do you see now?
A basket of dreams?
A star full of sparkles
And a handful of beams?

Rock-a-bye baby,
Please do not weep.
Now is the time
For wee ones to sleep.

Sleep, my little one,
Mother is nearby.
The moon is aglow
High in the sky.

JEAN LEONARD

To a Pansy

The river flows gently by,
The birds are singing brightly,
The fleecy clouds in the sky,
Are moving, billowing lightly.

All these are but a stage,
On which the queen of beauty rules
Not the royalty of a written page,
But a pansy made with nature's tools.

The purple and gold of the face
Outshine the majestic roles of kings,
Its virtue is in its simple grace;
Yet its charms make the heart sing.

Oh, Mother Earth, what a genius you are,
To blend such colors in a definite plan,
To make its radiance like a star.
The pansy, God's own gift to man.

ALICE PRIDGEN

Two Lost Loves

I

My love has wandered far away
To sail upon the sea.
He won't be back for many a day
Until he hears from me.

He wandered far; he wandered wide,
Sailing upon the sea;
He used my image for a guide
Until he heard from me.

My love is coming home today
From sailing on the sea.
He's coming home to marry in May
Because he's heard from me.

II

My lady-love has left me
Alone to pine and "dee,"
I'll surely die of sorrow
Or marry another, you'll see.

I can't decide between the two;
It's all the same to me,
And it's been done more times than once—
And more than once by me.

Some people say I'm fickle,
And maybe that is true;
But when a lady leaves me,
I find another, wouldn't you?

My lady-love returned today
Expecting a welcoming kiss;
And what a surprise she got when she saw
I was kissing another miss.

My lady-love returned today
And brought plenty of trouble along.
When that little lady gets through with me
I won't be worth a song.

PATTIE TROWER

Comfort

When the mist of night begins
To fade and the sun bursts
Forth in its glorious shade
There is a stillness that lets
Us know that all is well
Under the heavenly glow.

God stands on each form
That begins to appear, as
Dawn draws nigh and
Darkness begins to creep away.

The birds, awaking, feel
His presence nigh and
Declare His glory up
On high.

Who can have fear or
Sadness in his heart
As he looks upon these wonders
Of God?

JANE BOND